

OXFORD

Democrat.

No. 17, Volume 7, New Series.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
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C. W. Gifford,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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advance.

Book and Job Printing
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

PICTURES.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

Away with false fashion, so calm and so chill,
Where pleasure cannot please;
Away with cold breeding, that faultlessly still,
Affects to be quite at his ease;
For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,
The freest is first in the band,
And nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
Is a man with his heart in his hand.

Fearless in honesty, gentle and just,
He warmly can love and can hate;
Nor will he bow down with his face in the dust,
To fashion's intolerant state;
For best in good breeding, and highest in rank,
Though lowly or poor in the land,
Is nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
The man with his heart in his hand.

LOVE NEVER SLEEPS.

"Love never sleeps!" The mother's eye
Bends o'er her dying infant's bed;
And as she marks the moments fly,
While death creeps on with noiseless tread,
Faint and distressed, she sets and weeps,
With beating heart! "Love never sleeps!"

Yet, e'en that sad and fragile form
Forgets the tumult of her breast;
Desires the horrors of the storm;
O'erburthened nature sinks to rest;
But o'er them both ANOTHER keeps
His midnight watch—"Love never sleeps!"

Around—above—the angel bands
Stoop o'er the care-worn sons of men;
With pitying eyes and eager hands
They raise the soul to hope again;
Free as the air their pity sweeps
The storm of time! "Love never sleeps!"

And round—beneath—and over all,
O'er men and angels, earth and heaven,
A higher bents! The slightest call
Is answered, and relief is given:
In hours of woe, when sorrow sweeps
The heart in pain—"He never sleeps!"

Oh, God of Love! Our eyes to thee,
Tired of the world's false radiance turn!
And we view thy purity
We feel our hearts within us burn;
Convinced, that in the lowest depths
Of human ill—"Love never sleeps!"

THE STORY TELLER.

(From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.)

THE THREE WORDS
WHICH FOLLOWED BENEDICT
ARNOLD TO HIS GRAVE.

A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION,
BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

When we look for the Traitor again, we find him standing in the steeple of the New London Church, gazing with a calm joy upon the waves of fire that roll around him, while the streets beneath flow with the blood of men and women and children.

It was in September, 1781, that Arnold descended like a Destroying Angel upon the homes of Connecticut. Tortured by a remorse that never for a moment took its vulture beak from his heart, fired by a hope to please the King who had bought him, he went with men and horses, swords and torches, to desolate the scenes of his childhood.

Do you see this beautiful river, flowing so calmly on, beneath the light of the stars? Flowing so silently on, with the valleys, the hills, the orchards and the plains of Connecticut, on either shore?

On one side you behold the slumbering town with the outlines of Fort Trumbull rising above its roof; on the other, a dark and massive pile, pitched on the summit of rising hills, Fort Griswold.

All is very still and dark, but suddenly two columns of light break into the starlit sky. One, here, from Fort Trumbull, another over the opposite shore, from Fort Griswold. This column marks the career of Arnold and his men, that the progress of his brother in murder.

While New London, baptised in blood and flames, rings with death groans—there are heard the answering shout of murder from the heights of the Fort, on the opposite shore.

While Benedict Arnold stands in the steeple surveying the work of assassins, yonder, in Fort Griswold, a brave young man, who finds all defense in vain, rushes toward the British officer, and surrenders his sword.

By the light of the musket flash we behold the scene.

Here, the young American, his uniform torn, his manly countenance marked with the traces of the fight. There, the British leader, clad in his red uniform, with a scowl darkening his red round face.

The American presents his sword; you see the Briton grasp it by the hilt, and with an oath drive it through that American's heart, transfixing him with his own blade!

British magnanimity! Now, it claims Napoleons to the rock of St. Helena, poisoning the life of him, with the persecutions of a Knighted Turk, now it hangs the Irish Hero, Emmet, because he dared to strike one blow for his native soil. Now it coops a few hundred Scottish men and women, in the ravine of Glencoe, and shoots and burns them to death!

British mercy! Witness it, massacre-ground of Paoli—witness it, gibbet of the martyred Hayne, hung in Charleston, in presence of his son; witness it, curse of Loydard, stabbed in Fort Griswold, with your own surrendered sword!

Do not mistake me—do not charge me with indulging a narrow and contracted national interest. To me, there are even two Nations of England, two kinds of Englishmen. The England of Byron and Shakespeare and Bulwer, I love from my heart. The Nation of Milton, of Hampden, of Sidney, I hold to form but a portion of that commonwealth of freedom, in which Jefferson, Henry and Washington were brothers.

But there is an England that I abhor! There is an Englishman that I despise! It is that England which finds its impersonation in the bloody, impotent George the Third, as weak as he was wicked, as blind as he was cruel, a drivelling idiot, doomed in his reign of sixty years, to set brother against brother; to flood the American Continent with blood, to convulse a world with his plunders, and feel at last the judgment of God, in his blighted reason, his demoralized family, his impoverished Nation.

Behold him, take the Crown, a young and not unhandsome man, with the fairest hopes blossoming around him! Behold him during the idioey of forty years, wandering along that solitary corridor of his palace, day after day, his lip fallen, his eye vacant, his beard moistened by his tears, while grasping mites with his hands, he totters before us, a living witness of the Divine Right of Kings.

And yet they talk of his private virtues! He was such a good, amiable man, and gave so many half-pence to the poor; he even took a few shillings from the millions, wrung from the Nation, to pamper his royal babes, and bestow them, in charity, mark you, upon the—People whom he had robbed!

I willingly admit his private virtues. But when the King goes up to judgment, to answer for his crimes, will you tell me what becomes of the—Man?

There is a kind of Englishman that I despise, or if you can coin a word, to express the fullness of honest contempt, speak it, and I will echo you!

Behold the embodiment of this Englishman, in the person of George the Third, who after a life, rich only in the fruits of infamy, after long years of elaborate pollution, after making his Court a brothel, the very air in which he walked breathing pestilence, went groaning one fine morning, from his perfumed chamber, to an unwept, a defeted grave!

On that grave, not one flower of virtue bloomed; on that dismored corse, lying in state, not one tear of pity fell. The meanest felon may receive on his cold face one farewell tear—all the infamous tyrannies enacted beside, the death-bed of Napoleon, could not prevent the tears of brave men and heroic women falling like rain upon his noble brow. But will you tell me the name of the human thing that shed one tear—only one—over George the Third?

It is thoughts like these that stir my blood, when I am forced to record the dastardly deeds performed by British hirelings in our Revolution; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will.

The single corse of the heroic Leydard, stabled with his own sword, should speak to us with a voice as eternal as the Justice of Heaven!

While he laid, cold and stiff, on the floor of the conquered town, the flames from the burning town spread to the vessels of the river, and by the light of blazing roofs and sails, Benedict Arnold looked his last upon his childhood's home.

Soon afterwards, he sailed from our shores, and came back no more.

From this time forth, wherever he went, three whispered words followed him, ringing through his ears into his heart—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

When he stood beside his King, in the House of Lords—the weak old man whispering a faint

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, August 31, 1847.

Old Series, No. 27, Volume 16.

liar tones to his gorgeously attired General—a whisper crept through the thronged Senate, faces were turned, fingers extended, and as the whisper deepened into a murmur, one venerable Lord arose and stated, that he loved his Sovereign, but could not speak to him, while by his side stood ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

He went to the theatre, parading his warrior form amid the fairest flowers of British nobility and beauty, but no sooner was his visage seen, than the whole audience rose—the Lord in his cushioned seat, the vagrant of London in the gallery—they rose together, while from the pit of the dock, echoed the cry—"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

When he issued from his gorgeous mansion, the liveried servant that ate his bread, and earned it by menial office, whispered in contempt, to his fellow lacqueys, as he took his position behind his master's carriage—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!

One day in a shadowy room, a mother and two daughters, all attired in the weeds of mourning, were grouped in a sad circle, gazing upon a picture shrouded in悲哀. A visitor was announced. The mother took his card from the hands of the servant, and the daughters read his name. "Go!" said that mother, rising, with a flushed face, while a daughter took each hand, "Go! and tell this man, that my threshold can never be crossed by the murderer of my son—by ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

Grossly insulted in a public place, he appealed to the company—noble Lords and renowned men were there—and, breasting his antagonist, with his fierce brow, he spit full in his face. This antagonist was a man of tried courage. He coolly wiped the saliva from his cheek. "You may spit upon me, but I never can pollute my sword by killing—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR."

He left London. He engaged in commerce. His ships were on the ocean—his ware-houses in Nova Scotia—his plantations in the West Indies. One night his ware-house was burned to ashes. The entire population of St. John's—accusing the owner of acting the part of incendiary to his own property, in order to defraud the insurance companies—assembled in that British town; in sight of his very windows, they hung an effigy, inscribed with these words—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

Who shall dare depict the closing scene of this wild drama? Who shall dare paint the agony of his death-hour? With a trembling hand and hushed breath, we drop the curtain and turn away from the death-bed of Benedict Arnold.

READING THE WILL;

OR, THE MERCENARY LOVER.

This morning I received a note from my affianced bride, Constance Graham, requesting me to attend at two o'clock that day at the house of her late uncle in Harley Street, for the purpose of hearing his will read. I had the greatest pleasure in complying with this invitation. The

Constance is the prettiest and most amiable girl of my acquaintance. I had determined never to marry her while her uncle lived; but he frequently proclaimed her his heiress, but frequently took offence at something or at nothing in her behaviour, and bequeathed his wealth a

to Constance. I felt quite uneasy on the present occasion, for Mrs. Bates, Mr. Graham's housekeeper, had given me information that, only an hour before his master's death he had told her he had handsomely provided for Constance. I felt, however, that it was my duty to appear ignorant of that circumstance, Constance being very romantic and Constance's mother very suspicious.

There was a day when Tallyrand arrived in Havre, hot-foot from Paris. It was in the dark hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Tallyrand secured a passage to America, in a ship about to sail. He was going a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his bread by daily labor.

"Is there any American gentleman staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of his hotel—"I am about to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated for a moment and then replied:

"There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether American or Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Tallyrand—who in his life was Bishop, Prince, Prime Minister—as ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant he, stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly-lighted room, a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window, directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes, looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazing in Tallyrand's face, with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its pallor, the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will.

On that grave, not one flower of virtue bloomed; on that dismored corse, lying in state, not one tear of pity fell. The meanest felon

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"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or a hope. You are an American? Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of introduction to some friend of yours, so that I may be enabled to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—the scenes of Paris have filled me with such horror, that a life of labor would be a paradise to a scion of luxury in France. You will

behold, with a smile, the sorrows of my old fellow's idea of a paradise

of

Poetry.

CONTENTMENT.

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg kind heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passion untrouled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square,
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings, which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
Whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possession dis-
play

Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part;
For every fair object my eyes can survey,
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and care,
The many their labors employ,
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE ART OF MAKING GLASS.

Many of the most valuable discoveries have
been made in the most trivial accidents.
The following account of the art of
making glass is derived from a circumstance
related by Pliny:—As some merchants were car-
rying nitre, they stopped near a river which issues
from Mount Carmel. As they could not readily
find stones to rest their kettles on, they used,
for this purpose, some of these pieces of nitre.—
The fire which gradually dissolved the nitre,
and mixed it with the sand, occasioned a trans-
parent matter to flow, which, in fact was nothing
else than Glass.

A CAPITAL JOKE.—The Lord Chancellor of
Ireland, having made an appointment to visit the
Dublin Insane Asylum, repaired thither in
the absence of the chief manager, and was ad-
mitted by one of the keepers, who was ready
to receive a patient answering the appearance
of Sir Edward. He appeared to be very talka-
tive, but the attendants humored him and ans-
wered all his questions. He asked if the Sur-
geon General had arrived, and the keeper ans-
wered him that he had not yet come, but that he
would be there immediately.

"Well," said he, "I will inspect some of the
rooms until he arrives."

"Oh, no," said the keeper, "we could not per-
mit that at all."

"Then I will walk for a while in the garden,"
said his lordship, "while I am waiting for him."

"We cannot let you go there either, Sir," said
the keeper.

"What?" said he, "don't you know that I am
the Lord Chancellor?"

"Sir," said the keeper, "we have four more
Lord Chancellors here already."

He got in a great fury and they were begin-
ning to think of the strait waistcoat for him, when
fortunately, the Surgeon General arrived.

"Has the Chancellor arrived yet?" asked
he.

The man burst out laughing at him, and said,
"Yes, sir, we have him safe; but he is far the
most courageous patient we have."

Mr. O'Connell told this anecdote in Dublin,
at a public meeting.

A GOOD JOKE.—During the opening remarks
of Mr. Wright, editor of the Chronotype in the
trial against him for libel, he took occasion to re-
mark that Job must have preferred written to
spoken slander, else he never would have said,
"O that my enemy had written a book!" The
District Attorney replied that the patience of
Job had never been tried by reading the Chrono-
type.

GIVE NO PAIN. Breath-not a sentiment—
say not a word—give not an expression of the
countenance, that will offend another, or send a
thrill of pain to his bosom. We are surrounded
by sensitive hearts, which a word, a look even,
might fill to the brim with sorrow. If you are
careless of the opinions and expressions of others,
remember that they had differently constituted
from yourself, and never, by word or sign, cast
a shadow on a happy heart, or throw aside the
smiles of joy that linger on a pleasant count-
enance.

WOMEN GOVERN.—Sheridan once said—
"Women govern us; let us try to render them
perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much
the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the
minds of women depends the wisdom of men—
It is by women that nature writes on the hearts
of men!" Napoleon said—"The future destiny
of the child is always the work of the mother."

The French finances are in a sad condition.
The extraordinary income for the present year,
from all the sources of an excessive taxation, is
estimated at 1,600,000,000 francs, or \$287,000,
000, and still there is a deficiency of 750,000,
000 francs! The deficiency alone, says a French
paper, "used to be the whole budget of the em-
pire, sufficient for the glory of Austria, Jena,
Friedland, and Wagram!" This exhibit is said
to be alarming even to the government, and the
project of a loan has caused excitement in mon-
eyed circles. The government of the "citizen
king" has been an expensive and inglorious one
for France, and his dynasty cannot be perpet-
uated under such an enormous pressure upon the
industry of the French people.

An Englishman was ask, what he would take
to go up about blindfolded in a hard gale?
"I would take a month's pay," said the follow.

"And what would you take, Pat?" said one
of the officers to an Irishman.

"Nothing," replied the Hibernian, "but fast
hold."

CONSUMPTION CURED! TRUMPHANT SUCCESS OF BUCHAN'S Hungarian Balsam OF LIFE.



THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY FOR COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy
for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of
Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balsam
of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, Ex-
haut, test for upwards of seven years in Great Britain
and on the continent of Europe, and introduced into
the United States, under the immediate superinten-
dence of the Inventor.

The extraordinary success of the Hungarian Balsam
in the cure of Consumption, warrants the
American Agent in soliciting for treatment the
worst possible cases that can be found in the community—
cases that seek relief in vain from any of the
common remedies, and which have been given up
by the most distinguished physicians as cured
and incurable. The Hungarian Balsam has cured
and will cure, the most desperate cases. It is no quack
balsam, but a standard English Medicine, of known
and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be sup-
plied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not
only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the
body, but to be used as a preventive medicine in all
cases of colds, fevers, spitting of blood, pain in the
stomach and chest, rheumatism, asthma, bron-
chitis, difficulty of breathing, hoarse voice, sore
throat, inflammation and general debility, asthma, in-
fluenza, hoarse cough, and croup.

The American Agent, in a gold and brown label, to
certify which is the genuine Balsam, will be sent
by Special Appointee—DAVID F. BRADLEY,
130 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., sole Agent for
the United States and British American Provinces.
The American Agent will be present at all the
meetings of the American Medical Association, and
will be ready to receive all the latest information
on the subject.

Pamphlets containing a mass of English and Amer-
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inequalled merits of this great English remedy, may
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Agents—J. K. HAMMOND, Paris Hill; R. NOYES,
Norway; Grover & Burham, Bethel; John Bla-
ke, Turner; C. P. Chase, Dixfield; W. Con-
rad, Newell, Harrison; E. Mason, Portland.
August 27, 1847.

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His fashion is passion, sincere and intense,
His impulses simple and true,
Yet tempered by judgment, and taught by good
And cordial with me and with you; [sense,
For the finest in manners as highest in rank,
It is you man! or you man! who stand,
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The single curse of the heroic Leyland, stabbed with his own sword, should speak to us with a voice as eternal as the Justice of Heaven!

While he laid, cold and stiff, on the floor of the conquered fort, the flames from the burning town spread to the vessels of the river, and by the light of blazing roofs and sails, Benedict Arnold looked his last upon his childhood's home.

Soon afterwards, he sailed from our shores, and came back no more.

From this time forth, wherever he went, three whispered words followed him, ringing through his ears into his heart—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

When he stood beside his King, in the House of Lords—the weak old man whispering a faint

honor to his gorgeously attired General—a whisper crept through the thronged Senate, faces were turned, fingers extended, and as the whisper deepened into a murmur, one venerable Lord arose and stated, that he loved his Sovereign, but could not speak to him, while his side stood ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

He went to the theatre, parading his warrior form amid the fairest flowers of British nobility and beauty, but no sooner was his visage seen, than the whole audience rose—the Lord in his cushioned seat, the vagrant of London in the gallery—they rose together, while from the pit to the doom, echoed the cry—"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

When he issued from his gorgeous mansion, the liveried servant that ate his bread, and earned it too by menial office, whispered in contempt to his fellow lacqueys, as he took his position behind his master's carriage—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

One day in a shadowy room, a mother and two daughters, all attired in the weeds of mourning, were grouped in a sad circle, gazing upon a picture shrouded in悲哀. A visitor was announced. The mother took his card from the hands of the servant, and the daughters read his name. "Go!" said that mother, rising; with a flushed face, while a daughter took each hand, "Go! and tell this man, that my threshold can never be crossed by the murderer of my son!"

Grossly insulted in a public place, he appealed to the company—noble Lords and renowned men were there—and boasting his antagonist, with his fierce brow, he spit full in his face. This antagonist was a man of tried courage. He coolly wiped the saliva from his cheek. "You may spit upon me, but I never can pollute my soul by killing—"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

He left London. He engaged in commerce. His ships were on the ocean—his ware-houses in Nova Scotia—his plantations in the West Indies. One night his ware-house was burned to ashes. The entire population of St. John's—accusing the owner of acting the part of incendiary to his own property, in order to defraud the insurance companies—assembled in that British town; in sight of his very windows, they hung an effigy, inscribed with these words—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

When the Island of Guadalupe was re-taken by the French, he was among the prisoners. He was put on board a French prison-ship in the harbor. His money—thousands of yellow guineas, accumulated, through the course of years—was about his person. Afraid of his own name, he called himself John Anderson; the name once assumed by John Andre. He deemed himself unknown, but the sentinel, approaching him, whispered that he was known and in great danger. He assisted him to escape, even aided him to enclose his treasure in an empty cask, but as the prisoner, gliding down the sides of the ship, pushed his raft toward the shore, that sentinel looked after him, and in broken English sneered—"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot-foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America, in a ship about to sail. He was going, a beggar and a wanderer, to a strange land, to earn his bread by daily labor.

"Is there any American gentleman staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of his hotel—"I am about to cross the water, and would like to letter to some person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated for a moment and then replied:

"There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether American or Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in his life was Bishop, Prince, Prime Minister, as cended the stairs. A miserable suppliant he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered by daily labor.

In the far corner of a dimly-lighted room, sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window, directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes, looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazing at Talleyrand's face, with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline; the mouth and chin indicating of an iron will.

His form, vigorous even with the snowy white winters, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that he was a fugitive—and, under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind offices.

He poured forth his story in eloquent French and broken English:

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or a hope. You are an American? Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of introduction to some friend of yours, so that I may be enabled to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—the scenes of Paris have filled me with such horror, that a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will

give me a letter to one of your friends? A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, his head still downcast, his eyes still looking from beneath his darkened brow.

He spoke as he retreated backward—his voice was full of meaning.

"I am the only man born in the New World that can raise his hand to God and say—I HAVE NOT ONE FRIEND—NOT ONE—IN ALL AMERICA."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of that look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated toward the next room. "Your name?"

"My name?"—with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"My name is Benedict Arnold!"

He was gone. Talleyrand sunk into a chair, gasping the words—

"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

—Thus you see he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the murderer's mark upon his brow. Even the secluded room of that in Havre, his crime found him out, and forced him to tell his name—that name the synonym of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud, whose darkness but a few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.

The manner of his death is not distinctly known. But we cannot doubt that he died utterly friendless—that his cold brow was unmoistened by one farewell tear—that remorse pursued him to the grave, whispering John Andre in his ears, and that the memory of his course of glory gnawed like a cancer at his heart, murmuring forever—"True to your country, what might you have been, O ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

Who shall dare depict the closing scene of this wild drama? Who shall dare paint the agony of his death-blow? With a trembling hand and hushed breath, we drop the curtain and turn away from the death-bed of Benedict Arnold.

READING THE WILL;

OR, THE MERCENARY LOVER.

This morning I received a note from my affianced bride, Constance Graham, requesting me to attend at two o'clock that day at the house of her late uncle in Harley Street, for the purpose of hearing his will read. I had the greatest pleasure in complying with this invitation. The Constance is the prettiest and most amiable girl of my acquaintance, I had determined never to marry her while her uncle lived; he had frequently proclaimed her his heiress, but as frequently took offence at something or at nothing in her behaviour, and bequeathed her wealth a hospital, prison, or lunatic asylum. I felt quite easy on the present occasion, for Mrs. Bates, Mr. Graham's housekeeper, had given me information that only an hour before his master's death he had told her he had handsomely provided for Constance. I felt, however, that it was my politeness to appear ignorant of that circumstance, Constance being very romantic, and Constance's mother very suspicious.

At the appointed time I walked into the drawing room in Harley street, the very few relatives of the old gentleman were assembled.

There was Constance, looking as if she might have looked if ever Hebe wore grape and balsom; Constance's mother looking very stiff, cross, and ungracious; an elderly female cousin, and a strippling nephew of the deceased. I feared none of them. I knew that Mr. Graham disliked his fine lady sister-in-law, disdained the servility of his elderly cousin, and dreeded the frolics of his strippling nephew. I seated myself by Constance, and in a soft tone began to protest my affection and disinterestedness.

"Knowing the caprice of your uncle, my beloved," I said, "I have every reason to conclude that I shall hear you are disinherited; this, however, will be of little moment to me; I have enough for comfort, though not for luxury, and, as the song says—

"I fancy, Mr. Chilton," said Constance's mother, looking excessively sneering and shrewish, "that you are pretty well known that my daughter is the sole heiress of her uncle's wealth."

"Indeed, madam?" I replied, with a start of surprise, "I was not aware that any sum was bequeathed concerning the contents of Mr. Graham's will."

"I have heard a surmise hazarded," sharply interrupted the elderly cousin, that Mr. Graham was not in his senses when he made it."

"The mind must be both base and weak," retorted Constance's mother, "which could give credence to such a rumor." And forthwith a sparing dialogue took place between the two ladies, during which I whispered to Constance a page of Moore's poetry done in prose.

Temple now entered the room, the solicitor and intimate friend of the late Mr. Graham; he was a handsome young man, and presumed at one time to fit his eyes to Constance; he opened the will, and we all became mutely attentive.

"Oh, what a disappointment awaited us! Three thousand pounds were bequeathed to Constance, this was the old fellow's idea of a handsome

provision! Five hundred pounds to the elderly cousin, ditto to the strippling nephew, small legacies to the servants, and the remainder of his wealth to found a cold water establishment for the reception of those who were not rich enough to pay a gratuity for being half drowned. Temple read the names of the attending witnesses, and then refreshed himself with sherry and biscuits.

As he was a friend of the family, his presence was no restraint on conversation.

"That will ought to be disputed," said Constance's mother, looking very red, "I do not believe Mr. Graham was in his senses when he made it."

THE RIGHT FEELING.

We copy the following article of the "London News" from the "Philadelphia Ledger." We agree with it in the sentiment, that "it is in the right spirit, and we respond to it cordially." We have met with few articles in the London press which express such wise and liberal views. If England should act in this spirit, and instead of attempting to thwart us in our war with Mexico, according to the contracted suggestions of some English editors, would it not be in her power to promote peace upon the terms we propose, we should be duly impressed with the propriety of her course. We do not ask her mediation. We have declined it, from the best of motives. Yet it is impossible not to feel duly sensible of the dignity of the proceeding which is said to have marked the course of Mr. Bankhead, the British minister in Mexico, and of the trouble which his secretary has taken in consulting the wishes of Mr. Trist. When peace shall come, and bring to us "indeedness for the past and security for the future," then we shall be ready to approve the liberal spirit with which Great Britain may second the suggestions in the following extract:

From the London News.

"If ever there was a time when Englishmen should make up their minds at least to live on terms of ~~comity~~ and amity with the men of the same blood and tongue, who inhabit the same side of the Atlantic, the present is that time. A state of things has at length been attained in the new continent which has obliterated all the old causes of jealousy. To the settlement of the northeastern frontier of Maine, has succeeded the settlement of the Oregon. Our attempt to erect an independent barrier to the southwest of the American Union, in Texas, has not only failed, but led directly to the absorption of that territory into the Union.

"Mexico, half occupied, and even that half not peopled, by a race to which no European counsel or aid can communicate political wisdom, honesty, or courage, has fallen, by the natural current of human events, under Anglo-American influence, if not sway. We have not thought fit to interfere. England did not consider the preservation of the balance of power in the New World an object worthy of calling forth the display of her strength, or the risk of war.

"Having come to this resolution—and, we think, wisely—and, in fact, acquiescing in the immense extension of the power and empire of the power and empire of the United States southward, it would be most foolish in us to preserve ill-humor, at the same time that we forswear hostility, and to display in those prints and speeches, which represent public opinion, a jealousy and hatred towards that people for conquests as impossible for them to avoid as us to prevent. It is more natural that we should take pride in Anglo-American prowess and success, and its superiority to other races, than that we should feel lowered by their achievements, and that we should bestow our entire sympathies on a race apparently incapable of civil freedom.

"Independent of the removal of territorial differences, that great arrangement has just been concluded by which the soil of America, ploughed by the descendants of Englishmen, is made to afford food for the dense population of the mother country, busied in more productive arts than those of agriculture—those arts supplying the more precious and costly return. At such a time, when fresh and large intercourse between the two hemispheres is established, it becomes a matter of the first consideration for those who guide and supply public opinion whether the mutual sentiments of the people of both countries shall continue to be the old, inveterate, and class kind—whether they shall consist of that contempt of aristocracy and democrat for each other, and of those tory prejudices first sown on this side of the Atlantic, and which antagonistic prejudices have produced a corresponding crop of hatred and depreciation on the other.

"We cannot but think that the time has come for burying such sentiments as these. Whenever they are kept up, they seem to be more so from habit and traditional petulance, than from any fresh or genuine impulse of feeling. The worst ingredients of the old tory spirit have been gradually discarded and flung away by the more enlightened spirits of the tory party. It has learned religious tolerance, stoned to provide for the poor. Instead of combating and defeating republican and revolutionary countries, toryism has forsaken such war, and proclaimed itself pacified and fraternizing. We no longer have a lord chancellor prescribing the Irish as aliens, a foreign secretary denouncing the French as Jacobins, nor any one, who pretends to statesmanship, halloing the passions of the mob against American democrats. But the press in this respect lags behind the liberalism of public men. It remains inveterate, insulting, anti-national; and thus excites in other lands a resentment which has really ceased to inflame any breast at home."

Mrs. PARTINGTON. The old lady writes from Boston that every thing she drops is caught right up by the Post and other papers; and that they make her *so public* that she is afraid if she remains much longer in the city she shall have nothing private left. She desires to seek *entertainment* in the country. She wants a small house with suitable out-buildings; such as a *pigery*, a *covery*, and a *horsery*, with an *apery* where she can keep bees, hens, geese, and other fowls, and lay her own eggs and raise her own chickens, goslings, and turkeys; also a *drunkery* convenient for the animals. The house to be on a gentle inclivity, with a long revenue, between two rows of trees, leading up to the front door; surrounded by nice shrubbery; and a clear and sparkling brook leandering about the premises. If any gentleman has such a place, she thinks she could make an arrangement with him, by purchase or otherwise, that would be satisfactory to both. [Worcester Palladium]

GOSSIP FROM MEXICO.

Translated from the *N. O. La Patria*, 8th inst. VERA CRUZ, August 2, 1847.

Since the departure of the steamer *Massachusetts* on the 23d ult., no other opportunity has occurred until the present one for communicating with you, and I will now give you all the news I have been able to ascertain.

The English minister's mail arrived here on the 21st ult., bringing dates from the capital to the 29th. The private correspondence that it brings gives the following political news: There

were 28,000 men in the capital, of which 20,000 were regular troops, and the rest of the national militia. This increase of forces has been caused by the arrival in Mexico of Gen. Valencia, from San Luis Potosi, with 4,500 men and 36 pieces of artillery of all sizes. The actual number of pieces of artillery ready in the capital amounts to 117. As I told you before, Brig. Gen. Lombardini is commander-in-chief of the army, who, without any merit at all without ever having been in such a situation as to prove his worth, either as to bravery or intelligence, has been preferred among twelve or fourteen generals of division who are at present in Mexico. According to the say Santa Anna has procured this selection, in order that Lombardini, as a mere automaton, may be the blind instrument of his orders.

The government of Santa Anna have prohibited the publication of all papers of the capital, except the *Diario Oficial*, which is the only one circulated in the other States. We

may say he is excusable for this step, because, as what he aims at is the establishment of a dictatorship and the press obstinately resists it, giving the public to understand the injurious effect which the "Mexican Napoleon" has on their interests, he has found it necessary to give a mortal blow to the liberty of the press.

The capital is a real Babel—both *esclavados* and *medradores* have lost their senses, and neither one nor the other knows what they want or what is best for them. Both parties accuse one another as being the cause of the deplorable state of affairs in the republic. The result of all this will be similar to that of the rabbits in the fable, who, while hotly disputing as to whether they were greyhounds or lurchers, had their doubts solved by the arrival of the dogs who destroyed them.

Santa Anna seeks a dictatorship in order to be able to make peace, but the mysterious hero of Angostura "counts without his host," and does not pay attention to the coalition in the northern States. Poor country of Guatamal and Montezuma!

By means of the English commercial house of Manning & Mackenzie, the government receives \$20,000 daily until \$100,000 are made up, which this house is to deliver for the consolidation of the English debt. Moreover, a forced contribution of \$1,000,000 has been imposed on the capital, divided in sums according to the capital of the residents: but it is said that, from the manner in which it has been divided, not the third part of this contribution will be realized.

Since the suppression of the press, there have been published in Mexico two sheets eulogizing Santa Anna, and one (of which I enclose a copy) which has for its title in large golden letters the following:

"The happy appearance of the 19th of May, of the present year."

The sole object is the exaltment of Santa Anna, elevating him to apotheosis, as a recompense for all the ill he has done. The other, which I have not been able to obtain, calls for a dictatorship as a salutary means for the country.

Also there has appeared here a volume (which I send) entitled "Tribute to Truth." In this book you will see the lance of Amozoc, such as it was, which is the truth, and not as the author of the "happy appearance" paints it. Santa

Anna fled at Amozoc the same as he did at Cero Gordo, with his 2,000 horses, with troopers armed, or rather they made him "walk a pace" with only three discharges of American Artillery; as we are all perfectly aware that at the first fire he changed his position, at the second his troops lost their order, and at the third they fled in different directions. Santa Anna may say he made the Americans run, but it was because he was in front and run better than they could. Truly the author of the "Tribute to Truth" says that from what has been seen at Cero Gordo and Amozoc, it appears that, instead of teaching the Mexican soldiers to fight, only enlightens them as to the manner of fighting in shameful disorder.

Gen. Scott was at Puebla on the 30th, where he was waiting to be joined by the forces which lately left here, and which, as we have heard, had arrived at Perote on the 30th. *

EL JAROCHO.

FROM MEXICO.

Gen. Pierce, on his march through Jalappa, made requisition of provisions upon the authorities of that place, threatening, in case of refusal, to send them prisoners to Perote. The provisions were easily obtained by the commissary, who paid the citizens reasonable prices for them. This was a judicious and laudable measure on the part of General Pierce, but the Mexican papers complain of the shortness of his note.

A train, prepared for the interior, left Vera Cruz on the 7th August; 200 wagons, 300 or 400 mules, escorted by a force of about 1,500 men. In consequence of Col. Wilson being taken suddenly ill, the command was given to Mr. Lelley. Before the departure of the train, a company of cavalry was sent out to scour the country for twenty five miles along the road. They reported on their return that they had encountered several guerrilla parties, and that all the hamlets situated on the route were abandoned.

Vera Cruz now possesses an ample garrison, and Tampico is guarded by a force of 600 men,

which is deemed sufficient for its security. At Vera Cruz, on the 3d, a drunken soldier named Clarke had a scuffle with one of his sentinels while the latter was on duty. He seized the sentinel's musket by the bayonet, when the weapon was discharged, wounding three soldiers; Clarke is supposed mortally and one of the others despatched.

It is said Paredes, the ex-president, took passage in the British steamer from Havana so Vera Cruz.

Died in the 3rd dragoon hospital, Mexico, during the month of July, 1847—Chas H. Smith, 1st Mass. vol. infantry.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27, 1847.

MEXICAN MATTERS. A letter has been received in this city from an officer of the army at Puebla, dated as late as August 6th, stating with great positiveness that commissioners on the part of Mexico were expected to arrive at Puebla in two days after that date. The writer has good opportunity for authentic information; however, his statement requires confirmation. Information has also been received to the effect that Gen. Scott has sent in a request, under a flag of truce, for an exchange of prisoners; and that such request had been acceded to on the part of Santa Anna. Lieut. Rogers is among those to be released.

No official despatches have been lately received from Gen. Scott or Gen. Taylor.

The private letters received from Monterrey, mention of a forward movement. Some of these letters are from officers in Gen. Taylor's confidenc.

Cor. N. Y. Herald.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PARIS, AUGUST 31, 1847.

"The Union—It must be preserved."

Election—Monday, September 18.

DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

FOR GOVERNOR,

John W. Dana.

FOR REPRESENTATIVES TO CONGRESS, SECOND DISTRICT.

A. W. CLAPP.

FOURTH DISTRICT.

FRANKLIN CLARK.

FIFTH DISTRICT.

EPHRAIM K. SMART.

SIXTH DISTRICT.

JAMES S. WILEY.

FOR SENATORS.

FOURTH DISTRICT.

CALEB R. AYER.

PHILIP CLARK.

JAMES H. FARNUM.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

OXFORD—AMERICA THAYER.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

OXFORD COUNTY.

NATHAN M. MARBLE.

PREPARE FOR THE CONTEST.

The September election is near at hand.

Soon will be the contest between the wrongs of

Federalism and the rights of the people. Are

we prepared? We have nominated our can-

didates, both State and County, and now we

must elect them. This County must have its

two thousand Democratic majority. Then up

and to work; not wait for others to prepare

your duty, and then, after the election is over,

go about murmuring at the apathy of the peo-

ple; now is the accepted time and the day of

salvation. The federalist are now showing their

heterogeneous faces at all points, and are mak-

ing ready for the fight with a slowness that will

betoken how desperate will be the struggle.

They know well that their success in 1848 de-

pends much upon the result of the coming elec-

tion. Hence their rallying cry will be "union

of all the whigs" under its various names and

forms as Federalists, Whigs, Democratic Whigs

and Whig Democrats. Abolition Whigs, and

Liberty men; and as these subdivisions are all

composed of persons of the most desperate char-

acters it cannot be supposed that they will stay

their proceedings against the government, unless

the full purposes of their hearts be accomplished,

our own rights are sacrificed to a great ex-

tent to the Mexicans, and to the vile ambition

of the Mexican allies in this Country. They

will oppose the war, and try peace, and yet do

all they can to prevent peace. The war is a

bout their only ground of opposition, all other

measures having turned out contrary to their

predictions, and entirely satisfactory to the

great mass of the people. This is no fiction of

the imagination, no spectre of a heated brain

it is a reality, a living truth; and it behoves

any friend of his country, to give himself no rest

till every federal clan be driven from their lurk-

ing places, and the workers of our nation over-

throw be exposed to the scorn and contempt of

all patriots.

Resolved, That the officers and soldiers of our

armies in Mexico—the heroes of Palo Alto, Re-

saca De La Palma, Buena Vista and Cero Gor-

do—have won for their country and themselves

immortal honor and renown, and that they

ought to receive the gratitude and applause of

the whole people.

Resolved, That the whigs of the present day

are the same in principle and feeling with the tor-

ties of the revolution, and the Federalists of the last

war and alike constant in their opposition to the

best interests of their country, have, in the opin-

ion of this Convention, done much to prevent

our army from conquering an honorable peace

in as much as by their acts and declarations, they

have endeavored to embarrass the operations of

our government and, by taking the side of Mex-

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